



Discover ▾

[Log in](#) | [Sign up](#)

# The Red Handed Killer



👁 13 ✓ 5 ★ 4

## Chapter 1 by Gabbathehutt

I was walking slower than ever before. I knew someone had been following me. That Michael Jackson song popped into my head. "I always feel like somebody's watching me", I sang aloud. Suddenly a potato sack came down in front of my face, cutting off the circulation to my brain. I heard a voice say in a New Jersey accent, "Your comin with me bub."

## Chapter 2 by intellikat



It was odd, because the sack didn't actually go over my head, but just in front of my face. And where did this guy get a potato sack anyway? I mean, who bought potatoes by the sack; in bulk? I didn't even know where you would find such a thing. These were the thoughts that went through my mind as my I lost consciousness-- I frequently lost consciousness when things were placed in front of my face, and my assailant must have known this. He also must have know I was terrified of New Jersey, the armpit of America.

When I woke, there I was in New Jersey. Disgusting. Some back room of a grocery store chain or something, which would perhaps explain the potato sack. A familiar voice spoke.

"Alright, bub. You're mine now. You'll be working second shift. Put on that store apron and report to the customer service counter. Ask for Bobsie. Do a good job today and I'll move you off stock. Do a bad job, and you'll be mopping blood off the floor of the storage containers. Capiche?"

I nodded.

Chapter 2 by intellikat

See more of Story Wars



The shift was uneventful, but I did miss the freedom of being in New Jersey by humming the tune. At one point, I was mopping

[Login](#)

or

[Create new account](#)

up after a broken tomato sauce jar when a girl suddenly spoke. She was wearing a store apron like me.

"Hey. Working Day and Night?"

"What?"

"The song."

She had recognised the tune I was humming.

"Yeah, that's right."

"That song is oooooold."

"Sure is. But still good."

"I'm Carly. What's your name?"

I paused. "Chad. Chad Stenkerbeem."

"Well, Chad Stenkerbeem. How about a smoke break?"

"Um. I don't smoke. I'm straight-edge, you know."

"Yeah you are. With a stupid name like that."

"Excuse me?"

"Relax, Wankerbean. I'll do the smoking; you just talk to me, okay? I'm totally bored."

I shrugged, and followed Carly out the back to the breakroom, where an open door flooded in the night air.

See more of Story Wars

Login

or

Create new account

Continue the story

☐ Flag as mature ☐ receive feedback

Submit draft

Write a comment...

[About](#)

[Rooms](#)

[Feedback](#)



See more of Story Wars

Login

or

Create new account